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THE
WAES O' WAR:

OR,

THE UPSHOT

O' THE

H

HISTORY O' WILL AND JEAN.

IN FOUR PARTS.

— Felices ter et amplius
Quos aduersa docet Sors sapientiam.

BOETH.

Thrice happy pair
Wha wit frae luckless Fortune lear!

EDINBURGH:

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THE ASSOCIATED

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ADVERTISEMENT.

IN submitting to public criticism, a continuation of a story which has obtained so large a portion of popular applause as the "History of WILL and JEAN," the Author is fully sensible not only of the hazard it runs on a comparative view; but of the disadvantages it will most likely experience from a supposed want of *originality* in the invention and design. These considerations, indeed, occurred previous to any serious intentions of writing the present sequel; but an after conviction arising in his mind, that much might be done to improve the moral tendency and general effect of the piece; the Author was induced to make the following attempt, not only with the view of heightening the picture contained in the former part, but of closing an unfinished and interesting Tale, more conformably, perhaps, to the general feelings and sentiments of humanity.—How far he has been able to execute his intentions, will best appear from the reception the present production meets with from those whose judgment alone must determine its merit.

With respect to the general plan, or outline of the Poem, the Author had no alternative. The situation of *Will* and *Jean* at the conclusion of "SCOTLAND'S SKAITH," left him no other paths to pursue, but those which led to the miseries annexed to itinerant wretchedness, and the calamities incident to the profession of a soldier; and as few events could furnish more ample materials for the last, than our late campaigns on the Continent

of Europe; the Author hesitated not to enforce the moral of his tale, by gleanings a few facts in preference to fanciful representations of warfare, and imaginary pictures of distress. Some of these, indeed, as affording little exultation to a BRITISH muse, he could have wished to have passed over; but while historical, and more particularly *moral justice*, required him to mark the prominent parts of a memorable æra; he flatters himself, that nothing has been neglected to do equal justice to the national character of our brave, though unsuccessful countrymen.— But the description of battles, or the record of memorable events, were not the objects the Author had in view in writing the following sequel. If he has not been able to produce more impressive and attractive pictures to ADMONISH and ALLURE to virtue and decorum, and amidst the asperity of the times, to diffuse a softer charm round the humble scenes of domestic peace; he has indeed been groping for moral representations in the dark, and employed his time in writing the WAES O' WAR very unprofitably.

EDINBURGH, }
March 1796. }

THE WAES O' WAR.

PART I.

OH! that folk wad weel confider
What it is to tyne a—NAME,
What this warld is a' thegither,
If bereft o' honest Fame!

Poortith ne'er can bring dishonour;
Hardships ne'er breed sorrow's smart,
If bright CONSCIENCE taks upon her
To shed sunshine round the heart;

But wi' a' that walth can borrow,
Guilty shame will ay look down;
What maun then *shame, want and sorrow*
Wandering sad frae town to town!

JEANIE MILLER, ance fae cheerie !

Ance fae happy, good, and fair,
Left by WILL, neist morning drearie
Taks the road o' black Despair !

Could the blast !—the Day was fleeting ;
Pouch and purse without a plack !
In ilk hand, a bairnie greeting,
And the third tied on her back.

Wan her face ! and lean and haggard !
Ance fae sonfy ! ance fae sweet !
What a change !—unhous'd and beggar'd,
Starving without claife or meat !

Far frae ilk kent spot she wander'd,
Skulking like a guilty thief ;
Here and there, uncertain, daunder'd,
Stupified wi' shame and grief :

But soon Shame for bygone errors
 Fled owre fast for ee to trace,
 Whan grim Death, wi' a' his terrors
 Cam owre ilk sweet bairnie's face !

Spent wi' toil, and cauld and hunger,
 Baith down drapt ! and down Jean fat !
 " Dais'd and doited," now nae langer;
 Thought—and *felt*—and bursting grat.

Gloaming, fast wi' mirky shadow,
 Crap owre distant hill and plain ;
 Darken'd wood, and glen, and meadow,
 Adding fearfu' thoughts to pain !

Round and round, in wild distraction,
 Jeanie turn'd her tearfu' ee !
 Round and round for some protection !—
 Face nor house she cou'd na see !

Dark, and darker grew the night aye :

Loud and fair the cauld winds thud !

Jean now spied a sma bit lightie

Blinking through a distant wood :

Up wi' frantic haste she started ;

Cauld, nor fear, she felt nae mair ;

HOPE, for ae bright moment, darted

Through the gloom o' dark despair !

Fast owre fallow'd lea she brattled ;

Deep she wade through bog and burn ;

Sair wi' steep and craig she battled,

Till she reach'd the hop'd sojourn.

Proud, 'mang scenes o' simple Nature,

Stately auld, a mansion flood

On a bank, wha's fylvan feature

Smil'd out-owre the roaring flood :

Simmer here, in varied beauty,
 Late her flowery mantle spread,
 Whar auld chefnut, ake, and yew-tree
 Mingling, lent their friendly shade :

Blasted now, wi' Winter's ravage ;
 A' their gaudy livery cast ;
 Wood, and glen in wailings savage,
 Sugh and howl to ilka blast !

Darkness stalk'd wi' *Fancy's* terror ;
 Mountains mov'd, and castle rock'd !
 JEAN, half dead wi' toil and horror,
 Reach'd the door, and loudly knock'd.

“ Wha this rudely wakes the sleeping ? ”
 Cried a voice wi' angry grane ;—
 “ Help ! oh help ! ” quo' Jeanie, weeping,
 “ Help my infants, or they're gane !

“ Nipt wi’ cauld !—wi’ hunger fainting !

“ Baith lie speechless on the lea !

‘ Help !’ quo’ Jeanie, loud lamenting,

‘ Help my lammies ! or they’ll die !’

“ Wha this travels cauld and hungry,

“ Wi’ young bairns fae late at e’en ?

“ *Beggars !*” cried the voice, mair angry,

“ Beggars ! wi’ their brats I ween.”

‘ Beggars *now*, alas ! wha lately

‘ Helpt the beggar and the poor !’

“ Fye ! gudeman !” cried ane discreetly,

“ Taunt nae poortith at our door.

“ Sic a night, and tale thegither,

“ Plead for mair than anger’s din :—

“ Rife, Jock !” cried the pitying mither,

“ Rife ! and let the wretched in.”

‘ Beggar *now*, alas ! wha lately
 ‘ Helpt the beggar and the poor !”—
 “ Enter !” quo’ the youth fu’ sweetly,
 While up flew the open door.

“ Beggar, or what else, fad mourner !
 “ Enter without fear or dread ;
 “ Here, thank God ! there’s aye a corner
 “ To defend the houseless head !

“ For your bairnies, cease repining ;
 “ If in life, ye’ll see them soon.”—
 Aff he flew ; and brightly shining
 Through the dark clouds brak the moon.

PART II.

HERE, for ae night's kind protection,
 Leave we JEAN and WEANS a while;
 Tracing WILL in ilk direction,
 Far frae Britain's fostering isle!

Far frae scenes o' fastening pleasure,
Luve's delights and *Beauty's* charms!
 Far frae *Friendship's* social leisure,
 Plung'd in murdering *WAR's* alarms!

Is it Nature, Vice, or Folly,
 Or Ambition's feverish brain,
 That sae aft wi' melancholy
 Turns, sweet *PEACE!* thy joys to pain?

That wi' a' thy charms enticing
 To the ee, and to the heart ;
 Ilk endearing blifs despising,
 Tempts weak Man frae thee to part ?

WILLIE GAIRLACE, without filler,
 Credit, claife, or ought beside,
 Leaves his ance loo'd JEANIE MILLER,
 And fweet bairns to warld wide !

Leaves his native, cozy dwellin,
 Sheltered haughs, and birken braes ;
 Greenfwaird hows, and dainty mealin,
 Ance his profit, pride and praise !

Deck't wi' scarlet, sword, and musket,
 Drunk wi' dreams as fause as vain ;
 Fleetch'd and flatter'd, roos'd and buskit,
 Wow ! but Will was wond'rous fain !

Rattling, roaring, fwearing, drinking ;
 How could *Thought* her station keep ?
Drams and *drumming* (faes to thinking)
 Doz'd REFLECTION fast asleep.

But whan shipt to toils and dangers,
 Wi' the cauld ground for his bed ;
 Compass'd round wi' faes and strangers,
 Soon Will's dreams o' Fancy fled.

Led to *Battle's* blood-dy'd banners,
 Waving to the widow's moan !
 Will saw *GLORR's* boasted honours
 End in Life's expiring groan !

Round VALENCIENNES's strong waa'd city,
 Thick owre DUNKIRK's fatal plain,
 Will (tho' dauntless) saw wi' pity
 Britain's valiant sons lie slain !

Fir'd by Freedom's burning fever,
 GALLIA strack Death's slaughtering knell;
 Frae the *Scheld* to *Rhine's* deep river,
 Britons fought—but Britons fell!

Fell unaided! though cemented
 By the faith o' Friendship's laws;—
 Fell unpity'd—unlamented!
 Bluiding in a thankless cause!

In the thrang o' comrades deeing,
 Fighting foremost o' them a';
 Swith! FATE's winged ball cam fleeing,
 And took Willie's leg in twa:

Thrice frae aff the ground he started,
 Thrice, to stand, he strave in vain;
 Thrice, as fainting strength departed
 Sigh'd—and sank 'mang heaps o' slain.

ERSKINE *, wha ne'er slighted merit,
 Mark't him, 'midst the bluidy fray ;
 " Save that gallant ! daring spirit !—
 " Twice he sav'd my life the day."

Battle fast on battle raging,
 Wed our stalwart youths awa' ;
 Day by day, fresh faes engaging,
 Forc'd the weary back to fa' !

Driven at last frae post to pillar,
 Left by friends wha ne'er prov'd true ;
 Trick't by Knaves, wha *pouch'd our siller*,
 What could worn-out valour do ?

Myriads, dark like gathering thunder,
 Bursting, spread owre land and sea ;
 Left alane, alas ! nae wonder,
Britain's fons ware forc'd to flee !

* Sir William Erskine.

Cross the WAAL and YSSEL frozen,
 Deep thro' bogs and drifted snaw;
 Wounded—weak—and spent! our chosen
 Gallant men now faint and fa'!

On a cart wi' comrades bluiding,
 Stiff wi' gore, and cauld as clay;
 Without cover, bed or bedding,
 Five lang nights WILL GAIRLACE lay!

In a sick-house, damp and narrow,
 (Left behint wi' hundreds mair)
 See Will neist, in pain and sorrow,
 Wafting on a bed o' care.

Wounds, and pain, and burning fever,
 Doctors cur'd wi' healing art;—
 Cur'd! alas!—but never! never!
 Cool'd the fever at his heart!

For whan a' ware found and sleeping,
 Still and on, baith ear' and late,
 Will in briny grief lay steeping,
 Mourning owre his hapless fate!

A' his gowden prospects vanish'd!—
 A' his dreams o' warlike fame!—
 A' his glittering phantoms banish'd!
 Will could think o' nought but—HAME!

Think o' nought but rural quiet,
 Rural labour! rural ploys!
 Far frae carnage, bluid, and riot,
 WAR, and a' its murd'ring joys.

PART III.

BACK to Britain's fertile garden

WILL's return'd, (exchang'd for faes,)

Wi' ae leg, and no ae farden,

Friend, or credit, meat, or claife.

Lang thro' county, brugh, and city,

Crippling on a wooden leg,

Gathering alms frae melting pity ;

See ! poor Gairlace forc'd to beg!

Placed at length on CHELSEA's bounty,

Now to langer beg thinks shame,

Dreams ance mair o' smiling Plenty ;—

Dreams o' *former joys, and Hame !*

B ij

Hame ! and a' its fond attractions !
 Fast to Will's warm bosom flee ;
 While the thoughts o' dear connections
 Swell his heart, and blind his ee.—

“ Monster ! wha could leave neglected
 “ Three sma' infants and a wife,
 “ Naked—starving—unprotected !—
 “ Them, too, dearer ance than life !

“ Villain ! wha wi' graceless folly
 “ Ruin'd her he ought to save !—
 “ Chang'd her joys to melancholy,
 “ Beggary, and,—perhaps, a Grave !”

Starting !—wi' Remorse distracted,—
 Crush'd wi' Grief's increasing load,
 Up he bang'd ; and fair afflicted,
 Sad and silent took the road !

Sometimes briskly, sometimes flaggin,
 Sometimes helpit, Will gat forth;
 On a cart, or in a waggon,
 Hirpling ay towards the NORTH.

Tir'd ae e'ening, stepping hooly,
 Pondering on his thraward fate,
 In the bonny month o' July,
 Willie, heedless, tint his gate.

Saft, the southland breeze was blawing,
 Sweetly fugh'd the green ake wood!
 Loud the din o' streams fast fa'ing,
 Strak the ear wi' thundering thud;

Ewes and lambs on braes ran bleeting;
 Linties fang on ilka tree;
 Frae the Waft, the sun, near setting,
 Flam'd on ROSLIN's towers* fae hie!

* Roslin Castle.

Roslin's towers! and braes fae bonny!

Craigs and water! woods and glen!

Roslin's banks! unpeer'd by ony

Save the Muse's, HAWTHORNDEN! *

Ilka found and charm delighting;

Will (tho' hardly fit to gang,)

Wander'd on through scenes inviting,

Lift'ning to the mavis' fang.

Faint at length, the day fast closing,

On a fragrant straeberry steep,

Esk's sweet stream to rest composing,

Wearied Nature drapt asleep.

" Soldier rise!—the dews o' e'ening

" Gathering fa', wi' deadly skaith!—

" Wounded soldier! if complaining,

" Sleep nae here and catch your death."

* The ancient seat of the celebrated poet William Drummond, who flourished in 1585.

“ Traveller, waken !—night advancing
 ‘ Cleads wi’ grey the neebo’ring hill !—
 “ Lambs nae mair on knows are dancing—
 “ A’ the woods are mute and still !”

‘ “What hae I,” cried Willie, waking,
 ‘ What hae I frae *night* to dree’ ?—
 , Morn, through clouds in splendor breaking,
 ‘ Lights nae brightning hope to me !

‘ Houfe, nor hame, nor farm, nor ftedding !
 ‘ WIFE nor BAIRNS hae I to fee !
 ‘ Houfe, nor hame ! nor bed, nor bedding—
 ‘ What hae I frae night to dree’ ?”

“ Sair, alas ! and fad and many
 “ Are the ills poor mortals fhare !—
 “ Yet, tho’ hame nor bed ye hae nae,
 “ Yield nae, Soldier, to *deſpair* !

“ What’s this life, fae wae and wearie,
 “ If HOPE’s bright’ning beams should fail!—
 “ See!—though night comes dark and eerie,
 “ Yon sma’ cot light cheers the dale!

“ *There*, tho’ Walth and Wafte ne’er riot,
 “ Humbler joys their comforts shed,
 “ Labour—health—content and quiet!
 “ Mourner! here ye’se get a bed.

“ WIFE! ’tis true, wi’ bairnies smiling,
 “ *Here*, alas! ye needna seek—
 “ Yet here bairns, ilk care beguiling,
 “ Paint wi’ smiles a mither’s cheek!

“ A’ her earthly pride and pleasure
 “ Left to cheer her widow’d lot!
 “ A’ her warldy walth and treasure
 “ To adorn her lanely cot!

- “ Cheer ! then, foldier ! ’midst affliction
 “ Bright’ning joys will aften shine ;
 “ Virtue aye claims Heaven’s protection—
 “ Trust to PROVIDENCE divine !”
-

PART IV.

SWEET as *ROSEBANK*’s woods and river
 Cool, whan Simmer’s sunbeams dart,
 Cam ilk word, and cool’d the fever
 That lang brunt at Willie’s heart.

Silent stept he on, poor fallow !
 Listening to his guide before,
 Owre green know, and gowany hallow,
 Till they reach’d the cot-house door.

Laigh it was ; yet fweet, tho' humble !
 Deckt wi' hinnyfuckle round ;
 Clear below, Esk's waters rumble,
 Deep glens murmuring back the found.

MELVILLE's towers *, fae white and flatly,
 Dim by gloamin glint to view ;
 Through LASSWADE's dark woods keek sweetly
 Skies fae red ! and lift fae blue !

Entering now, in transport mingle
 Mither fond, and happy wean,
 Smiling round a canty ingle,
 Bleifing on a clean hearth-stane.

“ Soldier, welcome !—come !—be cheery—
 “ Here ye'fe rest, and tak your bed—
 “ Faint,—waes me ! ye seem, and weary,
 “ Pale's your cheek, fae lately red !”

* Melville Castle, the seat of the Right Honourable HENRY DUNDAS.

- ‘ Chang’d I am,” sigh’d Willie till her ;
 ‘ Chang’d, nae doubt, as chang’d can be !
 ‘ Yet, alas ! does JEANNIE MILLER
 ‘ Nought o’ WILLIE GAIRLACE see !”

Hae ye markt the dews o’ morning
 Glittering in the sunny ray,
 Quickly fa’, whan without warning
 Rough blasts cam, and shook the spray ?

Hae ye seen the bird fast fleeing !
 Drap, whan pierc’d by Death mair fleet ?
 Then, see Jean, wi’ colour dieing
 Senseless drap at Willie’s feet !

After three lang years affliction
 (A’ their waes now hush’d to rest,)
 Jean ance mair, in fond affection,
 Clasps her *Willie* to her breast.

Tells him a' her fad—fad sufferings !

How she wander'd, starving poor,
Gleaning Pity's scanty offerings

Wi' three bairns frae door to door !

How she *serv'd*—and toil'd—and fever'd,

Lost her health, and syne her bread ;

How that Grief, whan scarce recover'd,

Took her brain, and turn'd her head !

How she wander'd round the county

Mony a live-lang night her lane !

Till at last an angel's bounty

Brought her senses back again ;

Gae her meat,—and claife,—and filler ;

Gae her bairnies wark and lear ;

Lastly, gae this cot-house till her,

Wi' *Four Sterling Pounds a-year* !

Willie, harkening, wip'd his ein aye ;—

“ Oh ! what fins hae I to rue !

“ But fay, wha's this *angel*, Jeanie ?”

‘ Wha,’ quo’ Jeanie, but—BUCCLEUGH *!’

‘ Here, fupported, cheer'd and cherifh'd,

‘ Nine blest months ! I've liv'd, and mair ;

‘ Seen thefe infants clad, and nourifh'd ;

‘ Dried my tears ; and tint Despair ;

‘ Sometimes ferving ; fometimes fpinning,

‘ Light the lanefome hours gae round ?

‘ Lightly, too, ilk *quarter* rinning

‘ Brings yon angel's helping POUND !”

“ *Eight pounds* mair,” cried Willie, fondly,

“ Eight pounds mair will do nae harm !

“ And, O Jean ! gin friends ware kindly,

“ Eight pounds foon might *flock a farm*.

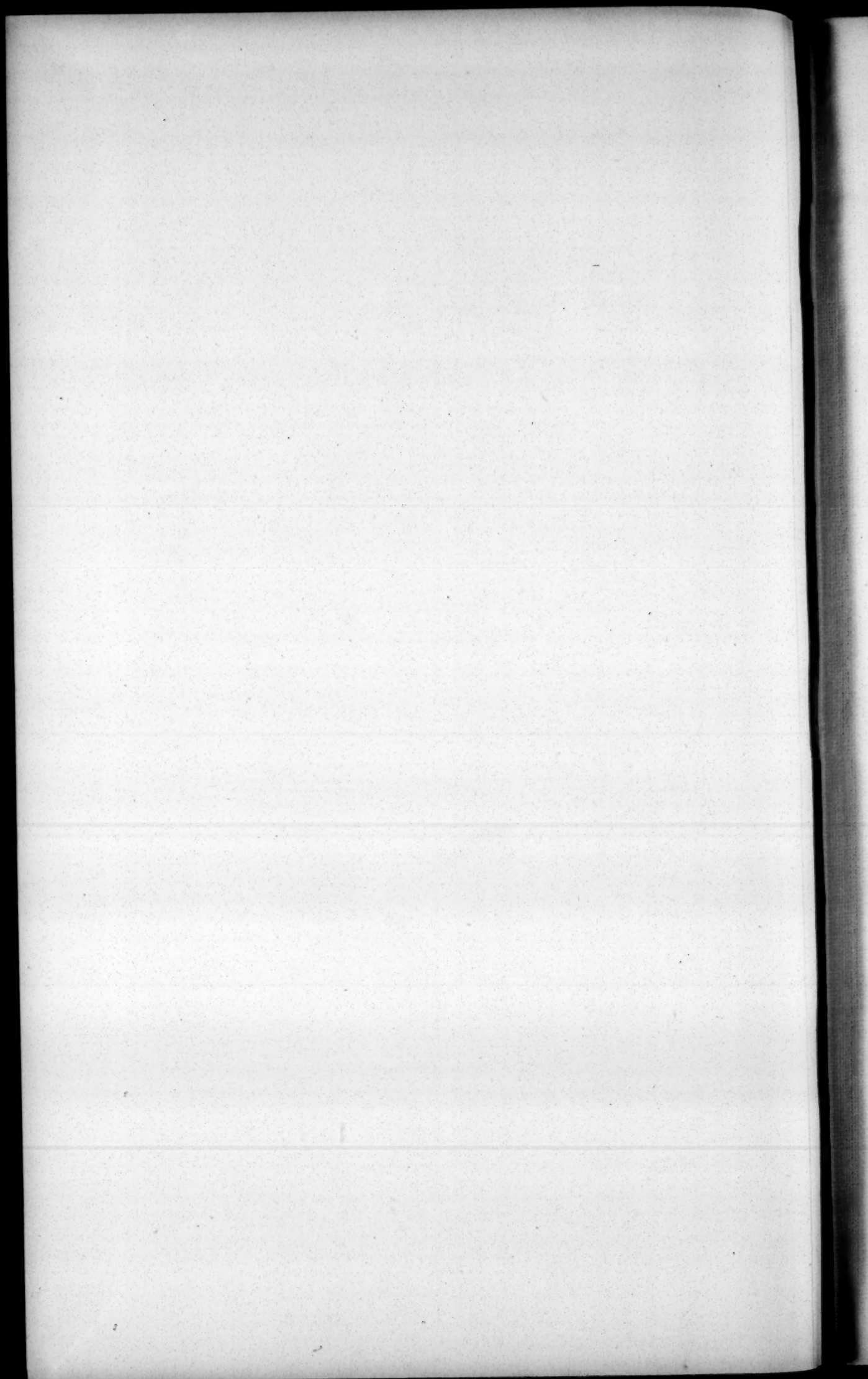
* THE DUCHESS OF BUCCLEUGH, the unwearied patroness and fupporter of the afflicted and the poor

“ There, ance mair, to thrive by PLOUGHIN,
“ Freed frae a’ that *Peace* destryoys,
“ *Idle Waste* and *Druken ruin* !
“ WAR and a’ its murdering joys !”

Thrice he kifs’d his lang lost treasure !
Thrice ilk bairn ; but cou’dna speak :
Tears o’ LUVE, and HOPE, and PLEASURE
Stream’d in filence down his cheek !

THE END.





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